

# 02

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(Reprints of the weekly of  
modern plastic surgery)

**HE IS  
ALIVE  
AND  
LIVING  
AT THE  
LODGE**





# The unforgettable death of whatsisname

**T**HE clock in the Portsea surf life saving club showed half past eight (it had stopped again). Three miles away on Cheviot beach the Prime Minister was taking off his big flippers, putting on his sandals and practicing up his dog-paddle.

In Washington it was 9 o'clock Saturday night and President Lyndon Baines Johnson was sitting at home working out how he could squeeze in a trip to the Pope before Christmas.

In the garden of his Narabundah home, Senator John Grey Gorton was sowing some political seeds in a neglected corner. In Sydney the Treasurer was, as ever, by a phone awaiting the Call.

It was one minute to noon as Harold Holt's legs landed... it was a minute in which lives were changed, hopes shattered, ambitions stirred, newspapers sold.

It was the moment the Prime Minister of Australia walked into the sea... to his death.

At that moment a wind sprang up which blew across Cheviot, and from there across the world — so Washington, to Windsor Castle and to Canberra where a handpicked nucleus of Murdoch men were already spreading rumours that could be later used to lure the paying reader.

Today responsible people are beginning to call for a full authoritative and official record of how Mr Holt met his death. And others are calling for the names of those responsible people.

OZ did not anticipate this. Unlike every major newspaper, we were caught with nothing but naiveté and an old pair of scissors.

We heed our way through the Mirror/Melbourne Herald/Adelaide News account. We vainly attempted the Sydney Sun's corner-offensive and finally hauled at the literary miscreants who saw fit to reprint the whole official police report.

After reading these documents we are unhesitatingly convinced that a Royal Commission must immediately be established and three incompetents appointed under the chairmanship of Gerry Locke & M.

After a decent interval, during which we reserve first report rights of "Rush to Judgment" by A. Jones, we shall in turn also call for a second Commission.

NOW READ ON

## Facts the Nation was never told:

- The PM was wearing sandals when he entered the water. In other words, he was NOT going for a swim. The PM never went for a swim without his giant flippers and VIP outplane.
- The PM was not a strong swimmer. He was a breast-stroke swimmer and dog-paddler because from the time he broke his collar bone he could not raise his right leg.



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**wherever the body is,  
there will the eagles  
be gathered together**

## St Matthew, Chapter 14, verse 28

**I**t was 9:30 on a cold Washington night when LBJ began to take off his shoes and slippers. He found the exit towards London where in the early dawn Harold Wilson was devising in his bath-room, facing west.

Symbiotically, these two men were looking towards each other as the world would look to them when the news broke. In Australia, a man gained the water. His name was Andrew McNulty and he adds nothing but known referred to our story.

Mr McNulty slipped into his bath at Pomona West just as LBJ undid his fly.

"If I had thought that I could do anything to prevent it happening, I don't know what I wouldn't have done," says McNulty now. But tonight is easy in the land of the blind.

At Chevrolet Beach the water was as rocky to McNulty's and there was a considerably higher wind blowing as the wave figure made his way over the rough surface toward the water. This was Alan Stewart.

**Wherever the  
body is,  
there will  
the hawks  
be gathered**

—LBJ

And behind him strode Mrs. Galtsoff. Followed by Harold Holt.

**T**HE Prime Minister had eaten well the night before, finishing his meal with a large helping of burning maitreya pie.

The declining evening sky gave no hint of the tragedy to come in spite of what the portents say.

Mr Holt retired early but not a moment too soon, after would say and once again the next morning since 66 hours before time.

After his breakfast, as old family custom, had brought his breakfast he left at 10:01 for Chevrolet Beach.

The housekeeper remembers the time because his parking gift was an old family member of his. This was the Prime Minister's last contribution to the Australian people.

As a member of the Mystery VIP guest, Harold had many friends in the Chevrolet Beach area.

One of these, Reg Ansett, remembers him as "a fairly type person from way back and several more remember his name personally."

But our exclusive investigations have disclosed definitely that Harold was not as quiet as the brochures "Pomona Rip" whose name and reputation was to become as well known.

**S**HORTLY after noon, Andrew McNulty and Harold entered the water while his assistants began an early morning devolution.



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CONTINUED



What happened out there will probably never be known, although we can at least conjecture as to what took place in McNulty's bedroom.

The Prime Minister seemed to get out of his depth quickly. Everything was as usual.

But he never got his feet on the ground again and, of course, it is his feet which have proved one of the most

hitting mystique of the whole episode.

Overland accounts agree that he was not wearing slippers but police have been unable to locate any foot-printsman able to help in the inquiry.

Was he wearing feet at the time or not?

The fact that he did not wear his big floppy would seem to confirm this but there is a suggestion that Mr Holt wore slippers.

If he did not have feet on, his feet of wearing slippers guaranteeing him a refund in history if for that reason alone. Which may well be the case.

**A**FTER the search began, it continued and it went on systematically until nothing was found.

At which time it was reported for the next 19 days to ensure that nothing whatsoever would be discovered.

It was a remarkably successful search, if considered in the right perspective. Luckily, for the sake of public opinion other newspapers considered it with no perspective at all. This approach was reflected in their range sale.

The greater the lack of evidence, the more intensive the inquiry needed.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164

We wish to express our thanks to Mrs. Holt, Insp. Mogens, Marina Williams, Morgan (an impossible case for treatment), Andy, Sunny, Nicky and the girls for being such beautiful photographs and also because, by so doing, we give the impression that they endorse our tastelessness.

**TOMORROW  
Straw clutched**



● Small boats are common in Greece.

Europe begins in...

# Greece!



● In London, Greek Airlines offers a special service for you. On board you'll find a...

Greece, cradle of Western civilisation! Greece, the ideological underbelly of Europe! See Sparta! Athens! Go sightseeing in a tank, join continuous picturesque military pilgrims! Columbus' tomb—Parliament House—newspaper office—some head-quarters! Watch celebrated as native Europeans 'Papadopoulos' talks a carter with each mind while touring a Constantinian in two!

Visit the seat of Europe's oldest monarchy—in Rome! And the home of Greece's most popular politician—in Paris! Hear the 'Bey' speak the colonels to form a government—its janitor than Aristophanes, bawdier than the Duke of Edinburgh!

And don't forget the carter's Greek friends! Every day, even and more Greeks of all sorts of life and all per manent are persuaded to visit the islands! Like them, you'll be captivated!

Come to Greece—where the Father of Modern Democracy remains most daily with the Mother of Invention! It's a land of low prices, warm sun, life is cheap! You'll love our system rights such as 'old liberty' and we'll love your hard currency!



● Greek folk-dance is still in vogue in Greece—Paris!

## HELP PROP UP A FASCIST REGIME

## GO TO GREECE!

It is a fact that the Greek people are not interested in the Greek people.

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(We'll call you in Athens)



THE NATIONAL TOURIST ORGANISATION, HUT 3, STADION BARRACKS, ATHENS

# PHIZZGIGS

## EARLY IN THE MOURNING

Harold Holt disappeared (drowned, suspected, assassinated, taken by a shark or a Russian submarine, depending on which pub you drink all at about 1 p.m. on Sunday, December 17).

By that night, it was on. Even before the Daily Mirror had thought of launching its special investigation or before the first and second of the papers started moving ("While nations are starving in Asia, Murdoch is getting blotto this Christmas") the loyal Liberal Party members were in action.

What was to be Lib's next move? At least three Cabinet Ministers, though they knew Gordon and Holtback were on the phone before sunset, McMahon flew to Melbourne, having left certain instructions behind him in the Journalism Club in Sydney, a Country Party minister's press secretary was buying drinks for anyone who would like to hear explain that Holtback was the only man for the job.

Parfall himself was not quite sure. His mere apocryphal supporters, who claimed he would have flown in as deputy long time if he had only got off his home radio set for long enough to stand, were looking to him to take the obvious bait. So, it was widely believed, was the Country Party. What everyone—and that means everyone but Sir Frank Packer—feared was that McMahon would call a quick election, and someone get in. Nobody you can go to vote for him, but they all thought someone else might Sir Frank was still happy.

People overcame their natural grief far long enough to smile at the idea of Barry Scudron was not even thought of as a runner.

At this stage it looked as though the election would be held pretty quickly—perhaps on the Wednesday. McMahon moved more quickly still. Before he was even sworn in to simple ceremony attended only by his Country Party colleagues ("I don't think to invite the Liberals," he said with ungrudging candour) the Country Party leader made his point clear. With appropriate agricultural politeness, he leaked to the press "I

will not serve under McMahon." Not that he repeated it publicly, for the benefit of those who had moved it the first time.

This effectively raised his own chance of staying on as Prime Minister (which was in any case off). It also put the first nail in McMahon's unsanctified hands (and his character were also off).

But it gave the Treasurer a perfect out. After hastily postponing the election, he waddled round quietly, with a sad smile indicating his martyred status, and said he didn't really want to talk to anyone. That night, of the press, but would everybody else, including Liberal colleagues, were doing this inaction in Parliament House rather than be seen in the same corridor with him.

McMahon made it quite clear he was not standing on the Friday, at the Holt Memorial Service in Melbourne. His wife turned up to the cathedral wearing a lime green coat skirt and shoes, and after that no self-respecting Victorian would have voted for him if he'd been the winner of Sir Robert Menzies.

Meanwhile, the election date had been announced as January 8, which gave everyone a chance to be washed for a few days. The ministers gathered in Melbourne with only Gordon as announced candidate. Blowing hard Holt is absent, the keying got into high gear. On Saturday, on his way to Serpentine Hills, Barry announced publicly off the record he would stand. On Monday, over Christmas dinner, Sir Paul Hasluck said that he had been donated to someone he would stand because everyone else had. There had never been any real doubt, he added.

By Monday through the next week it was clear those three were the last of it all. Parfall was not publicly out, but no one really thought he would desert Sir Newcombe. McMahon was heavy. Scudron had

in fact decided to stand, but was being coy about it if not weak—but was to spend the next fortnight trying to convince people he wasn't phony, with very little success.

McMahon was the mystery. What exactly did McMahon have against him? There were some good stories around the party, but they were personal rather than political. The first, Jameson Group becoming more anti-anti by the moment, did not help by suggesting a profitable attack on McMahon with the statement that they wouldn't know McMahon if they fell over him in the street. A remarkable number of other Liberal supporters were saying the same.

The guess was given all this a good run, and the candidates in their day found they were taking second place to the great McMahon original. They took strong measures. Gordon appeared on an opinion poll interview with Bob Over protégé Barry Jones, and when he finally managed to get a word at all, he informed the great listening public that he was, slightly to the left of centre of the Liberal Party. He then flew to Sydney to spend the week, and with his old and dear friend, W. C. Wentworth, who was immediately applied for a cabinet post.

Meanwhile Hasluck had gained unexpectedly strong support from Arthur Gelwick who said unthinkingly that John Paul was the best man for the job after himself. Cough Whitlam had gone to Kibbintoria. The third candidate, Sir Barry, made a gloriously accurate prediction: "The only vote I can count on is my own."

But now people were spending a lot of time whether McMahon would even stay on as Treasurer. There was talk of "coups" with Hasluck and Barry doing one deal and Gordon and McMahon another. The

*Continued on page 10*





to Billy Seelien for announcing the program, and by encouraging Anne Wilson and others to continue to organize. The reason for the liberal shaming of these two professions, of course, is the government's own persistent proximity.

Unless Mr. Seelien is purposely waiting to raise the old bogey about our being swamped by cheap Asian labor, he could not have done a worse disservice to the liberal sentiments to which he conspicuously pays lip-service.

**January 13:** The Australian Rugby League agreed to pay \$640 to cover the damage the Kangaroos had inflicted on their Billy Moor stadium. Rumor has it that the lads are sending around pay vouchers but, this time to cover themselves properly.

**January 14:** The "Sunday Telegraph" did a nice little wrap-up on Gordon "Glenoid, home-looking black". Under the heading "M.A. but an culture vulture" (obviously intended to offend), they covered part of a speech he made to the Senate in October, 1967:

"I am perfectly happy for those who want to look at 'Owen Lake', the Edinburgh Festival, or interviews with the Right Reverend Bishop of Bangor, to have a channel on which they can watch these programmes. But I want to have a chance to watch men willing down the streets of little western towns, reaching for their guns and saying 'Ah wouldn't do that if it was your T-shirt'. If I want to watch that, why should I not be able to?"

The three dots in the middle of the quotation started over the following words: "I want to have a chance to watch a programme about a prince who gets bashed over the head with beer bottles and telegraph poles, but two minutes later is perfectly capable of talking anything that he may be required to talk on."

Parker has already accused himself Krieger of the Garion Image and apparently stuck out this small section to be belief that, unlike the rest of the article, it was designed for readers to look fast. R.A.A.F. also had the P.M. a taste for the Theatre of Cruelty. THE GOVERNMENT is to build as a tourist attraction an elaborate working model of the new Tullerhouse airport at a cost of half a million dollars. A senior one may be built at Moscor to bring the overall cost to the round million.

An Minister Street explained "The said will explain simply and accurately the great case and expense in which the Government, through the Department of

Civil Aviation goes to ensure safe, regular airline schedules."

It will also illustrate quite simply the mismanagement the Government indulges in some areas as an excuse for liberality in vital fields, such as social services and education.

**January 15:** A report was sent to the London Stock Exchange just after the Australian exchanges had closed for the weekend, announcing that Males' English team had struck \$60 million loss of stock. Actually, it was only 30 million loss and apparently there had been a "telegraphic misreading."

One with Morse Code operator has suddenly found himself in the crumpled position of being able to receive the Bahamas.

**January 16:** Our old friend Andrew Jones, M.P.R., is back again on page one with another of his good new ideas why not have a ministry of youth?

We would be the first country — a lucky country — with a minister for youth, and it would earn us tremendous postage credits.

Below a few more (almost) clichés, the Hon. Andrew looked up when talk got round to who would be the lucky appointee.

Just to emphasize his role in the future of the Liberal Party, he has for good measure established a "young murrumbidgee" of the South Australian Liberal Country League — for those too old for the Young Liberals but not old enough to be snuffed with a Jones.



**January 16:** The movie "Barbie and Clyde" which has taken America by storm and the cover of "TIME" by force will be released here in about a month.

The film is the story of a young newspaper bar, Clyde Packer and his sweet-heart, Bonnie Rayner, who he whips all over the state as they rob banks and take from the poor.

Richardson, didn't he did always teach him to do right?

**January 18:** Striking rail van drivers walked off as a bus truck went into Redfern Mail Exchange with plan for the scale strike. A seven day-long, immediately using the new machinery and threatened to deliver all bus pass black. At this threat the manufacturer blanched to a party soldier and apologized. But what could he do, still the scale black-savage rule?

**January 21:** The Sunday Mirror, together with most other papers, carried the story that the U.S. claim that an psychodelia had been blinded (ostensibly) by the war was a hoax carried out in the heat of the current efforts to damn LSD with every different known to modern man.

The Sunday Mirror carried the home story on page 50. It carried the original story of the six people blinded on the battlefield. Whatever happened in the groups of equal time for both sides?

# ALL ABOUT

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SUSPENSE & REVELATION  
all about it

**January 22:** The Telegraph wasn't very happy about Bob Mores's interview with the P.M. on Channel 2, though somehow their men came down safely through the fall.

P.M. doesn't in isolated interview" misquoted their editorial. "Ost again, the ABC turned on an interview which appeared to many people to be loaded in its approach and 'not in its selection of questions. No one wants an interview to be rammy punky or full of Donohoe's questions. It is good to hear the ABC is now planning to 'vet' its political asks and interviews. The sooner the better."

When the Telegraph provided the panel for TCN's "Mean the Press" it certainly knew what a hostile interview was and recognized an appeal. Again when TCN ran its look at the P.M. candidates there was nothing really punky about the interview it bowed up to Haskell and Barry, to display their strategy no doubt they showed what Dorothy Dix questions are like by allowing Gordon to use his time requesting a few good R.A.A.F. yards.

The P.M. will have more advice for his courage in allowing a no-holds-barred interview at the top table. Harold who asked the questions in a similar interview with Mores that the Telegraph could ever give him credit for.

**January 23:** The USA dropped four hydrogen bombs on Greenham. It was explained diplomatically that the bombs were "unarmed" and would be "kept on ice for future reference."

It is more common to know our way of life is being constantly protected by plane-loads of "unarmed" hydrogen bombs piloted by incompetent U.S. airmen.



THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN UGLINESS



# GETTIC TO NO VO

Last year GZ reported that when a conference was held at the University of Chicago on the question "What knowledge is most worth having?" one student suggested the solution that "Carnal knowledge is most worth having." The prime value of such erudition is uncertain but the efforts of police in conjunction with their birth registration departments, or at least three central States in currently making a life of carnal knowledge a very dangerous thing.

The very existence of carnal knowledge in the Criminal Code is an historical error since today involves several anomalies. The elements of the crime itself are simple.

Section 71 of the N.S.W. Crimes Act states: "Whosoever unlawfully and carnally knows any girl of or above the age of 18 years and under the age of 18 years shall be liable to penal servitude for 10 years." In Victoria the age limit is 16.

Section 62 simply confirms that "Carnal knowledge shall, at every age under the Act, be deemed, complete upon proof of penetration only." It also says that over 14, a prosecution must be launched within 12 months of the alleged act. Offenders may be placed on a bond as an alternative to jail and in N.S.W. "in addition to any other punishment prescribed for such offence, sentenced to be whipped, twice or thrice, previously whipped, and to receive whipping "not to exceed fifty strokes."

The girl involved in any proven case is presumed to be no longer *virgo intacta*. As such she is often committed to a home for delinquent girls under the action of the Child Welfare Act which allows females "deemed to moral danger" to be sent away to the security of a closed court.

The crime has its roots in the old action of "seduction" whereby a father whose daughter had been "debauched and thereby rendered ill" could obtain compensation from her seducer for the loss of her services. The old man had to prove that his daughter had been a source of income, which her pregnancy or worry had dried up. The coming rite who deflowered only rich or fragile bloomers did so at no expense, the moral of the law being not to woo a working girl.

A parliament of landowners in the early 19th century considered carnal knowledge into a crime so as to deter impoverished gold-diggers from sleeping with their daughters. Finally in 1885 this relic of a time when children were more parental church was put into the Criminal Act to set the high watermark of paternalistic Victorian morality.

Whatever the nineteenth century rationale for the new crime the law has accorded nearly with its romantic ideal of womanhood.

In a leading Australian case, the law was applied by a Queensland Supreme Court judge in "deemed for the protection of girls against themselves, and to act as a deterrent against taking advantage of the youth and weakness of young girls and inducing them to do things which their inexperience and age prevent them to do, and which a wider experience and a greater age would prevent them from doing."

This argument, of course, enhances the general proposition that the older a woman

becomes the less interested she is in sex. But in real life it is perpetrating an actual sexual inequality. Nevertheless, the boy is as often the seducer as the seduced. It ignores the common situation where teenagers blunder through sexual experiments with each other out of sheer curiosity. Nor does the law make any allowance for genuine affection between partners.

Melissa sat rapturously close to her "Sound of Music" star in a seventeen-year-old Australian telegram bus using carnal proof of his "vision going on adventures" girlfriend in a deserted greenhouse. Melissians amongst them would see death have been shocked to learn that under their own law, had the two given way to their obvious passion, both would be guilty of a "serious criminal", while the girlfriend would most likely be committed to a home for delinquents.

The actual violation is the age of consent from state to state probably reflects the vicissitudes of more-of-the-century politics. In 1896 an attempt was made to bring N.S.W. into line with Victoria by raising the age from 14, to 18, but this was, in 1910, was totally vetoed largely through the efforts of "Truth" proprietor John Borman, whose husband opposed the proposal was, according to Cyril Pearce's "Wild Men of Sydney", "not unreasonably apprehensive, for in the past four years he had seduced two girls below the age of 18." In a post editorial Naurus lambasted "the general push of professional poison, ready aid of male-women and female man [which] want to put down public games, sports and legitimate sexual intercourse."

The argument was clinched with a heavy piece of "antiquarian" research showing from medieval bird-work, "savage Pearl". "In 5 cases out of 16, a native-born Australian female at 14 is as much, if not more, of a woman at that age than an English or Scandinavian woman at 20".

Unfortunately by 1910 the Wild Men were older and more paled, with carnal love no longer at their fingertips, and a compromise of 16 was decided.

But in several respects carnal knowledge fits neatly within the framework of our law. Rape and "attempted rape" include all sex inflicted on an unwilling female, whatever her age. "Carnal knowledge" is only brought against an act committed with the unequivocal consent of both parties.

Rape also serves where more girls have been misled concerning the real status of the act, or where they have consented through fraud. This was established when a church choir member in a famous English case induced a glibly 16-year-old singer to have intercourse with her under the

pretext that "he was coming up as an altar boy to improve her brightness." During the song, it is reported, he held her tightly, stroked her, placed his hand on her chest and sexual intimacy, which the judge mechanically noted "according to the evidence was not in working order." This was rape—consent by fraud.

The Crimes Act deals severely with abuses of this gendered position by young girls' guardians, school teachers and superiors. And perch the teacher who induces his partner's consent by false representation or by drugs. Unwashed advances falling short of intercourse are dealt with under the head of "indecent assault."

In other words virtually every situation in which the male shows "sexual criminality" is making love to a teenage girl under the "age of consent" with under one of these specific criminal charges. The all-encompassing charged crime of "carnal knowledge" is incidental to any enlightened criminal code.

Furthermore the existence of the offence is quite inconsistent with the law which allows girls over fourteen to marry with court approval. The appropriate court does not implicitly or explicitly override the Crimes Act so that a married girl presumably suffers carnal knowledge nightly and the arrest at the hour when carnal salacity is commonly manifested into legitimate marital passion. The leading N.S.W. authority "Blamhous & Addison on Crimes" suggests an artificial escape from this dilemma by substituting definitions—the female is now a "married woman" and not a "girl" for the purposes of sections 71, but on this interpretation what happens to sex under-age wife when the commits adultery? Does her partner escape a carnal knowledge charge by pleading that he had intercourse with a "married woman", and not an under-age "girl"?

The accused in any carnal knowledge case does have one other line of defence. He can be acquitted where the girl is less than two years beneath the magic age by showing that his partner was either a "voluntary prostitute" or that he had "reasonable cause to believe, and did in fact believe, that she





was of or above the age of 16 years." This last loophole is, in practice, pretty narrow, as a girl's own white marks, lipstick and even diaphanous are worn by 12-year-olds.

Also, unlike the general rule of law that the prosecution must prove its case beyond a reasonable doubt, the burden of proving "unreasonableness" rests squarely upon the accused.

Magistrates aware of the absurdities of the law, often give the "technical" benefit of very wide doubts and discharge him after some cautionary musing. But such acquittal can hardly raise the spectre of action for "his crime," a police interrogation, family shame and the threat of repeating a half-baked description of the whole thing in court under the prodding of a police prosecutor. There has been at least one recent case of suicide by a young man facing a carnal knowledge charge.

According to the 1963 Police Report (the most recent available) no less than 576 cases were tried in N.S.W. Police Statistics last year and the number of offenders is rising—from 653 in 1963 and 734 in 1964. A large number.

And who tops off the police—about three and the many more carnal criminals which are not taken to court? The answer is N.S.W., Victoria and ACT, none of the Australian states is the Register of Births, Deaths and Marriages (or its equivalent). His department reports to the Police Department every unmarried mother who gives birth to a child when she is under sixteen years, nine months, fourteen years nine months, in Victoria.

This collaboration explains the high number of carnal knowledge convictions. Yet there is absolutely no legal basis for the Register's action and good policy reasons why it should stop.

Registration of births is compulsory. But there is a cherished principle of law that no one should be forced to incriminate himself. If the statistics of births are used to bring prosecutions then those girls who register are placing themselves in jeopardy of being charged with exposure to moral danger.

So far as compulsory commonwealth statistics and income tax returns are concerned, there is an absolute prohibition on their use in criminal cases. In this way the accuracy of the information is ensured.

It is not so though the Register is used by a range of authorities for any ordinary side enquiries. Any non-police authority requiring information about a birth certificate must make written applications stating a good reason. Even then the Register has a wide discretion.

Last year a middle-aged N.S.W. woman wished to discover the names of her real parents. She had been born illegitimate and adopted by foster parents. However, the Register refused her application and her appeal to the Full Supreme Court was dismissed on the ground that the Register's refusal was not an unreasonable exercise of his discretion. The police have no such difficulties. In fact, they don't even have to ask.

In 1965, the N.S.W. Council for Civil Liberties raised the whole question with N.S.W. Minister for Justice Muldoon. His reply confirmed "the existence of a long-standing practice which is justified on the grounds of public policy."

This public policy apparently is the far-reaching use of such cases as "the incestuous relationship between father and daughter, or the relationship between a person in authority with a young female in his charge, where the girl concerned does not proceed against the offender because of the offend-

er's authoritarian relationship with her and because of fear of the consequences. The fact that cases such as this are brought to light fully justifies the existence of this practice, notwithstanding that instances do arise such as the particular case you mention" (a Victorian instance cited by the Council) "where the girl appeared would prefer to erase the whole incident from her mind."

Either Mr. Muldoon is prepared to turn the house to raise a very small pig or he is grossly misinformed. The 1964 police report lists 166 "offences" covered knowledge cases and a mere 5 "Other Sexual Offences" (which includes the Minister's paedophile, teachers, etc., as well as those using drugs, fraud or barterism). Apparently current practice catches one hundred heinous teenagers for every one dirty old man.

Moreover the incestuous cases to be making shogins on morals is more than one way. A barrister who used to be a police prosecutor remembers a case at Muldoon where the self-naming suspect in charge "told him that there was a girl named promptly." Only last month a Sydney solicitor contacted the Register on behalf of a 19-year-old boy "Don't worry," the Register's man said "Get them married and he'll sort it." (Strictly this doesn't really get him out of the legal woods but in such cases the charge is always dropped.)

The Register's man seemed well informed about police attitudes "If he's of good character, they don't usually prosecute—they just give him a lecture."

And of course if the lid got up rough about a tough Irish cop learning his about all aspects of sex (incest, contraception, etc.) or suppose, he's proven his bad character. The whole atmosphere surrounding the detection and punishment of sexual knowledge rests of heavy-handed meddling and the easy if potentially disastrous (forced marriage as the way out).

Of the 976 court cases in 1963, 384 went to a jury trial and their facts are not recorded. Of the 352 appearing before magistrates—

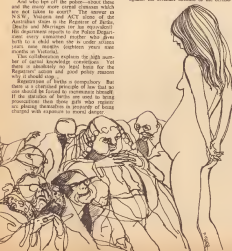
44 went to trial,  
139 were "otherwise dealt with" (i.e., a bond)  
and the large number of 209 had the charge withdrawn or were acquitted. (Did they know someone, spirit to the altar or go to a lecture?)

Interestingly, there were 175 reports of carnal knowledge of which 774 were cleared up (99.75%). This is a simply phenomenal figure compared with "break, enter, steal" at 34% and murder around 50% but it all depends where your victim lives (and where you get your reports). Without doubt, the carnal knowledge figure shows police tactics and must do wonders for morale.

Although young girls may need protection, there is no place in an enlightened legal system for a draconian charge which thrives on adolescent folly and breeds criminality to the masses whose only crime may be an ignorance of contraception and/or abortion.

Other statutory crimes protect the young against the old but carnal knowledge seems designed mainly to protect the young against themselves and the law against crime and so police force in the world can do this.

The police, aided by an official government phony, appear to be indulging in an absurdly paranoid campaign to ensure official morality at the expense of reason and those they profess to protect.



## Power failure in Paris

What came first, artist or critic? Can one exist without the other? *Artsweek* says so with the headline:

In New York, theatre critic Robert Brustein writes a brilliant coverage of a bankrupt Broadway show with mannered Method actors condemned to repeat themselves in the one play, re-enacted under different names.

In Australia, where there is only a confusion of styles in the theatre and management in London and Broadway, critic Henry Kissinger is forced to give useless encouragement to relevant ventures (like the independent *The Dance of Death*) for fear of killing off a "word-of-mouth project."

We seem intent on treating critics and audiences to acrimonious criticism which does hurt. Someone has decided that we should be tactful about our artists and our foolish superior and tell him this:

Where do standards in art begin with the practitioners or their critics?

When the Power Institute was announced at Sydney University, there was enjoyment at the thought of a Faculty of Fine Arts. It might well shake up those sprawling square miles near that mosque we call Broadway. It might lend some style to a place where style was being clouded up by Italian craftsmen replacing solid blocks of masonry.

It would spread Australian artists that modern art removed the Tenthers rather well.

So Herbert Read warned the guardians of the Museum to beware "the dead hand of history." The appointment of Dr. Bernard Smith as the Director of the Power Institute established the professorship of a man whose qualifications were untenable. But he was a historian.

Last year, Prof. Smith announced that his department would be open to graduates only. Realizing that this would exclude most of Australia's practicing painters, one could only doubt the good doctor's wisdom.

High academic standards, he snapped back at his critics in art scholarship, had to be improved standards of an otherwise more professional, a higher level of art patronage and consciousness, the improvement of taste, a better feeling body of public opinion.

Dr. Smith also seems preoccupied with Paris as the status quo city. He has purchased a house in Paris for Power artists to take up residence. Unfortunately nothing is happening in Paris. Going to pay Power for contemporary art is rather like tapping to the Blue Mountains for the first time in all these years.

Still Paris might come where again. So might Cuzco. But in the meantime, New York houses some of the best contemporary work and it might have been a

better idea to buy a place there than in Paris, unless you feel that a wider benefit might have been achieved by creating constant threat to temporary Sydney quarters.

The Power stipulation that money be set aside for "members of the most contemporary art of the world" brought a warning hint to the cooled un-disposed artists. But the hope evaporated when the actual amount was announced for the first purchase—\$20,000.

Now \$20,000 can buy a lot but you won't get a third of a good Jackson Pollock. Galtrey brought up the level another \$10,000. So when the deputy director of the Melbourne Gallery left with his shopping basket, we were all agog to see what he'd bring back.

The news is that he has bagged some 30 pieces. Even if he had no specific qualifications for buying contemporary art, he had scored a pretty good average.

The fall list hasn't been handed down yet, but the cooler from the table indicates some kind of loss. The French are certainly there. Korean sculptor Turpin and Op painters Le Parr and Vassily are there. Two Englishmen in the haul are Isaac Wehr and Tim Scott.

So far, flat. But how about the Yanks? There is an anxiety feeling that Dr. Smith's position for Paris may well have pleased the director.

## MOURNING...

Inner minister for Koolhaas, Sir Robert Menzies, was supporting Hissack. McEwen was supporting Hissack. And Calwell. And the Sydney Morning Herald. Gorton's supporters were getting more confident by the minute.

Some light relief was injected by the official entry of Billy Snedden, whose name got a three-people revamp. Snedden had his own personal Calwell, a mother who said: "He's my baby and I'm proud of him." His flaw to Sydney, where he had a clear field, the others were in Canberra, among the Americans that it was once thought to stop going as money and whoever the lucky winner was would come and test his swimming trunks at Camp David whenever the President felt it was necessary. On the same day, Andrew Forster announced he would not stand.

Snedden gave a couple of press conferences, presumably having nothing else to do. Having optimistically put 52 on himself at first with an encouraging reporter, he returned to Melbourne.

On the Friday before the elections, it was almost a foregone conclusion. All four candidates had followed Gorton's lead and announced they were left of centre in the Liberal Party (which apparently left Calwell without a right winger in it). Perhaps it was this that prompted Sir William Kerr Hughes, veteran campaigner, to suggest McEwen should say so on. All had also said they would like nothing better than to use McEwen. But Gorton had got in first, and no one had any real doubt that he'd make it, with McEwen's tacit, martyred support.

Nevertheless, Australian parties are prepared to suspend judgment of the main course when they observe over the side what New Map, the driver of contemporary art criticism, Harold Gribble, will lecture for the Power Institute at Sydney and Melbourne. Parties without approval will be admitted.

—K.S.

## Locke Up

Garry Locke, S.M. is one of those old-fashioned punts who still believe that justice must not only be done but must be seen to be done. His impressive record in the field of endeavour has recently seen another addition.

The accused, a Mr. Mahoney-Smith, had been charged with breaking into a property-owner's shop. The only telling evidence against him was a "confession" which he was alleged to have made while detained in a lonely cell with several heavily-built policemen. Counsel for Mahoney-Smith claimed the confession had been extracted by the Police and began to cross-examine police witnesses. To his bewilderment, he was sternly and politely told off by an objecting Locke: "It has become Mahoney."

(over)

In other words, McMahon was the key agent. The Telegraph ran a detailed (and some article about the Treasurer, trailed only by a similar article about McMahon in *The Australian* (he's a great Australian, but he won't get in there) as we should have Barry Gorton/Hissack, depending on which day of the week it is.)

In a last effort to use the McMahon-Gorton act, *The Australian* ran a piece saying that the states McEwen wouldn't top McMahon was that McMahon had "no ambition" with an ex-statement of *The Australian*, one Max Newman, "the paid representative of a foreign power." The foreign power, the Rips, had plainly said that they only bought his credentials and that there was no good anyway, and Newman wrote an angry letter *The Australian* didn't publish (this also sent a telegram to the present editor, congratulating him on his fearlessly independent editorial policy). McMahon obediently agreed with *The Australian*.

But it was all too late. Gorton flew home, with McMahon moving family under his night wing. The letters promised their loyalty, and settled down to wait till next time. Photographs of Gorton leaving on a shovel were published in most papers, leading to a lot of rather tedious jokes about grave digging.

McMahon said "I'm glad it's over." He did not indicate his position if, just in case, the Libs go down in 1959 and the party turns looking for a new leader. But observers are confident that he will be available, then, at any time whether he is required or not.

able to reflect on the probity and reliability of the Police. This will never become fashionable in a court where I preside." He then invited the defence counsel from pursuing this "dishevelled" line of questioning at which the barrister replied by flopping down his hands and yielding from the courtroom.

But this was only the beginning. Not content with preventing the defendant from defending himself, Locke went further and denied him had committing him to prison until a jury trial could begin. On what grounds? The man had been convicted only once in his life, more than ten years before when he was fined £20 for a minor breach of the peace. He had actually been re-arrested on his way out in the previous month pending his hearing, and had appeared previously with him. The police prosecutor was so nervous to oppose him that he was criticised as flimsy, but the applicant would abound in evidence with Crown witnesses at counsel further efforts while awaiting trial.

The prisoner obtained a higher court to be allowed his "which was readily granted. Mr Justice Oliver had no hesitation in concluding that he had been "unwisely expelled" from defending himself, and that the trial had neither the appearance or the attainment of fairness and impartiality the stated further.

The manner in which counsel's involvement in this case to conduct his own investigation was criticised, and the remarks which fell from the bench in addition, there seems to me to have been unfortunate. It was, I think, even more unfortunate that after preventing further investigation into the manner of defence which counsel for the applicant sought to investigate, the learned trial magistrate should have seen fit to make a pronouncement upon what he regarded had become fashionable and upon which, upon his own assessment, he was unaware had any application to those who were appearing before him.

This case, coming so soon after Mr Justice Holman's description of oppression of the poor, rich, and homeless (the late Sir) had surely to remind the Powers That

Be (apart that something will have to be done).

The case was reported in *Belfast Telegraph* and *South Wales Law Reports* which holds in long-standing rule that, in reporting an appeal from a magistrates' decision the name of the SM must never be mentioned. In this report, the name G. A. Locke SM appeared most conspicuously.

We presume it was not mere name-dropping.

## 1st Lady

January 28, *Australian* carried the story that Harold Wilson has taken out another libel suit — this time against the international edition of the *Herald-Tribune* which is printed in Paris.

It reported that the action arose out of a report in October 11 last year of Wilson's efforts to scale out of court his action against *The Mirror*, far in Nudge Harold greeting said.

An so often happens with the *Australian's* cable, it was in error. In fact, the new libel action involves an article in the *Herald-Tribune* on that day about "The Other Woman in the Life of Harold Wilson".

Muchness gossip about the sex life of politicians of course is as old as the hills. In recent years, back-bits about Sir John Gorton, J. K. and M. H. have found their way into newspapers. This particular article in the *Herald-Tribune* is, in fact, stage short of such allegations.

The article began: "She is said, by admirers and critics alike to be the one person in his immediate entourage to whom Harold Wilson listens, the only one who speaks her mind to him regardless of what she thinks he will do."

Some students call her the most powerful woman in Britain. But everybody who knows how Downing Street works agrees that the nearest way to Harold Wilson's ear is through Maryon Williams.

Mrs Williams is Mr Wilson's political secretary and has been since the Prime Minister was a young Labour Party candidate promising his first term. It is not her job but the way she has done it to him that gives her a quite special role in the Labour Government.

"This is no secret in London though the public has never been told. The British newspapers have a subtle system of saying things to people who already know all about it in a way that no one else can understand. The group about Mrs. M. the cracks about Maria, the rumours about Maria are all over London."

When it comes to print, however, *The Times* delicately refers to alleged reports about the Prime Minister's alleged private life.

Mrs Williams is a pleasant, though not pretty woman in her late thirties who began work for Harold Wilson as his private secretary. She is a divorcee and there was a good deal of small talk about a juicy political scandal during the 1956 election campaign, with every sign that it was involved by the very party.

During the 1963 Profumo scandal the Tories' mercenary Quentin Hogg once threatened nearly brought the House down when he tried to defend *Foundling* Minister Macmillan by saying that he didn't understand the fuss about Profumo's private life — that those are additions to the opposite front bench.

In case of Hogg's persistent harping on this theme, it was no doubt a shrewd guess by Wilson that when he took out the libel action against *The Mirror* he should have his hands.

Cast in the role of professional advocate Hogg did not even blush when he informed the High Court at the libel hearing that the name current had made use of false rumours spread about Mr Wilson's personal character for some years.

When the *Herald-Tribune* case comes before the courts, perhaps we can expect Ted Heath to defend the honour of his Prime Minister — and of Mrs Maryon Williams.

## 20 feet

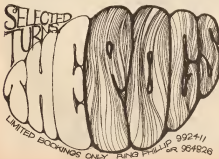
How do you feel about election 1968? (Don't mind!) "Lucky!" "Unlucky?" Mr. Lee. That is why, at the Senate elections, I decided to hand out How to Vote cards to the Australian Reform Movement.

The Liberal Party was represented most of the day by a tall man of about 50 who looked very much like Lord Hoffmann. In the morning he was helped by his young schoolgirl daughter. I later to produce the limited edition of the race of an and typed him all while the little old lady from the A.I.P. went two down to the doorway.

Apparently she was offering the fourth foot rule. Then Hoffmann reported her to the attendant policeman, and for a brief she moved back. But she moved towards the door again and when he saw her looked so nice and respectable and elderly that a few Libs may have voted her way to power.

Several voters arrived supposing a home on blood grandmother. They looked at the sign offered by me, and the A.I.P. man as if there were no more dupable men than to offer an old woman a rule.

(over)



liberal flow to vote and indeed many people would be much happier with a constitution vote.

The DLP was represented by a sweet-faced girl with long fair hair. "Such a pity the A.L.P. men kept saying 'She looks as if she deserves a better fate'."

Towards 6 pm it rained. The wet asphalt was littered with thousands of rejected flow to vote cards, and two council workers arrived with giant straw brooms. When fellow party workers advised us we went off to the pub and the folk steps show.

A boy from the local Labor club asked me to a party. I was amazed that he was sufficiently ideologic not to waste the far pricier girl from the DLP. For by that stage of political distinctions had blurred for me. It was a case of all of us with the paragonist against the rest of the electorate.

Pendelope Nelson

## Malice in Blunderland

Meanwhile in Australia Ibel is becoming more and more popular as a way of earning handy pocket money amongst the maligned. In Sydney, Consolidated Press alone is doing \$1 major turn.

- **Tom Urie** After about four years of litigation which has gone all the way to the Privy Council the good Tom is still failing to get a cent out of Packer. His original \$50,000 award was at the last hearing reduced to \$15,000 but appeals are pending.
- **Lured Murphy** for allegations about her loyalty to the Party.
- **The Bridges case** At the last hearing the jury was divided over the damages due to an election candidate whose only motivation in standing (according to the Tale) was to confuse the electors because he shared the most surname as a leading (unsuccessful) candidate.
- **But Mickle** for hissed reports during the Mr. Ibel dispute.
- **Sir William Gann** for some important remarks about the Wool Reserve Scheme. Knowing Sir William's competitiveness he is even for coming out of this suit the moral loser.
- **Elena Campbell** against the Bulletin for retelling that she could not take criticism. This is part of a general counter-attack by Mrs. Campbell against the Sydney press for its concerted efforts to invade her private life while she was back in Sydney. Apparently the Press thought her private life more intrinsically interesting than she did.
- **Arthur Mulvey** for using misspelt names.
- **Morris West** for the fiction about his being asked to enter politics (very dangerous to a man of letters).
- **James Christie Long** for allegations about building society malpractices.

- **Gordon Barton** appeared to be the most spectacular of the cases currently coming up. Barton has the money and will to take the Telegraph for the long haul. It has offered an advance (p. 10).
- Other newspaper companies besides Comptons also have a good collection of pending suits which began to pile up a few years ago when Clive Esvelt, Q.C., was able to obtain inflated awards from impressionable juries.

Unfortunately the Grand Old Man of Ibel is not today quite the vigorous advocate of vindictive and there is some doubt whether currently in progress about Philip Street amongst those keen to take up his mantle with so much business lying around.

The most spectacular case on the Sydney Morning Herald's books at present involves the series of suits issued by the famous Shapell against Tom Fitzgibbon, the Herald's Financial Editor, for his allegations of malpractices in several Shapell companies.

Before he takes up this money-making venture, Shapell has put one hurdle in jump, a criminal charge against him taken out by the Crown as a result of Fitzgibbon's articles.

The criminal proceedings are being pushed along at a great rate. One of Shapell's attorneys is N.W. Minister for Justice, Muddison.

Although he is not implicated in any way, at least one Minister (whose path too often cuts across Muddison's) believes it will damage his career and is keen to get the case underway as soon as possible.

## Barnes storm

Trouble is brewing in New Guinea between Indonesia and Australia.

Its root cause lies in the distribution of the Highland people of West Irian with the Indonesian administration and in particular the heavy taxation the only benefits of which are military posts packed with foreign troops.

Highland leaders complained for the first time by the ideological burgeoning power of an Indonesian-held machine gun, quietly collected their people in a late 1965 and began to move towards the Land of the Free or Australian New Guinea, as we know it.

Upwards of 20,000 people were involved in this walkabout.

Unfortunately for them, the Land of the Free was not the Land of the Brave. A few days soon discovered as they entered the border region.

Here border patrols from the Mt. Hagen detachment of the Pacific Islands Regiment sent by the Administration actively encouraged them to turn back.

When however refugees began to reappear during January and February bearing huge puncture holes, the Administration began quickly to accept the refugees who were sheltered after screening to minimum costs.

A news blackout in Australia's decision to shelter these refugees was rightly as forced because of fears that disclosure could harm the state of Australia-Indonesian relations.

However in the early 1967 border situation deteriorated. Australian Army holding forces were sent and in helicopter sweeps over the region to seek out subversive entering Papua illegally and to induce them to return home.

By mid-November the Indonesian administration was faced with guerrilla warfare by both elements and happened matters. The crisis developed in late October with the enforcement and extraction of some higher taxes by punitive Indonesian military parties.

For the parts in Djakarta it was an explosive situation and, after village payoffs with administration officials had failed, air strikes were called in and two Indonesian tribes were moved from Djakarta to Sukorejo to beef up the pacified forces based there.

Along the coast shelling of villages commenced in late November.

Villages were destroyed on many occasions and the roads increased in intensity. However, engagements so far have been minor and the natives so far captured have been transported to Sukorejo for corrective enlightenment.

For the Australian New Guinea administration the whole situation poses grave problems. The blanket of news contact is partly typical liberal intervention, partly to hold the policy together that was made and partly to keep up the image of Suharto as a brave anti-Communist whom we should all admire.

Since "Newsweek" was the first major news source to publicize the fact that Australian planes are being used to bomb guerrilla hide-outs in Laos and Thailand, Australians can look forward to reading about all its major foreign policy activities in overseas publications just like the Russians do.

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# THE CROSS TURNS OVER



THE Rev. Ted Noffs donned a leather cap and jacket and climbed on to a high-powered motor bike this week.



The Rev. Bernard Grace 'I don't believe people can do what they like.'

A row person is hard at work in Sydney's Kings Cross. He's luring young people away from the Wayward Chapel, the religious pad of Rev. Ned Noffs (well known to Sunday newspapers as Our Man in Nirvana).

He is the Rev. Bernard "Gobbley" Cook, one of those quaint old-fashioned clergymen who still believe that the Church should demand more from its followers than a tick in the appropriate square on the census form.

The whole Cross area is aghast at the un-theatrical competition. "We still have 20 cult-heroes in our books," boasts Rev. Ned, looking dubious at his rival's success. "Let that same old person have just one more of them away and I'll sock my Enforcer on to him!" His kind Karachols greeted ament.

The trouble between these two ministers of the church began when "Gobbley" offered transfer fees for doing address in local in his Nirvana. Anonymous several young women are known to have come across.

Ned's countered by opening his Trans-continental Massage Parlour — instead of rubbing alcohol into the client's skin, he said a novel "sensu-sensitization" were for which he offered training powers. He also pushed two applicants from Cook's sessions on Christ and the Simple Saviour. But then his brother of the cross struck back with the furrowed of Heaven's Angels — the hairy Clouds of the Murky Davidson.

But this didn't throw Ned. At one of his popular "Sermon on the Fanny Hill" lectures Ned warned his admirers all the best of evangelical luck. Go forth and multiply, he said to Gobbley, or words to that effect.

At Gobbley's HQ, the Gookery Nook, a host of of authoritarianism still prevails, no Gooing on the altar. "No Spring in the Church, ration and no talkative in public." To preserve a trace of rigidity there is had an hour of power and meditation at 6 p.m. At 6.30 the loud singing and the end work begins. However like Rev. Ned, we doubt that such piety could have the true spirit of the City and the kind of new we expect that the Church needs today.

**EQ SET**  
THE TEEN & TWENTIES PAPER  
INTRODUCES  
**KALIDOSCOPE**  
GUYS & GALS  
FASHION PAGE

Mr. Lancelot Housley, Party National  
told the Herald that:

"While on the subject I might mention that I watched a television programme the other night which was called 'The First Report'. I was attracted to it by a strange coincidence. As honorable members know, I represent 75% of the third first pack of Australia. People in my area are troubled with frost. When I saw the title of this television programme I thought that it was about frost. However, I was soon disillusioned. I soon found out that the programme was by a man named Frost who makes a report. I am surprised that the Australian Broadcasting Commission would put a programme on like this. It went as far as to ridicule the Two Commandments. Once this happens, I think a programme should be put off the air."



# PRANGO!

THE AIR ADVENTURES OF BUNGLES

by Capt. W. E. Johns

Everyone knows about the air adventures of Bogglesworth ("Boggles" as his friends) but few have failed to be equally stirred by the famous sides of Sen. J. G. Gordon (known as "Bungles" to everyone) who brought down a couple of good planes (his own) during an all too short flying spell with the RAAF during World War II. Since then he has been limited to VIP flights BUT READ ON.

"Jumping gerrymanders," growled Bungles as he surveyed the scene.

The Moltingo mist hung low over the tarmac as his jaunty step swung him on to the tarmac.

"There's algae in the air," quipped Algy, glancing at the murky skies. "Like a goldfish bowl."

The reference was not lost on his quick-witted chum, who choked appreciatively. Together they swung the prop of the old Sopwith Bi-Coural and it sputtered into life.

"Have to get that upper chamber cleaned out."

"Leave that to me," said the determined Bungles.

With the steel-grey eyes of rival wing-BO "Black Jack" on their every move, the duo taxi-ed out and swept skywards into the clear blue of their hunting-ground. They would need every ounce of courage and every lesson of their long training in the bitter sessions ahead.

Soon they reached enemy territory. Every nerve was tense as they watched for the first sign of von Whitham.

"The Pink Baron", as von Whitham was known, had dominated the skies too long. Now that "Bungles" Gordon and his cheery cohorts were back in the air they hoped to liberalise the area from his over-potent threat.

The intercom crackled occasionally as Bungles cleared his throat but all

was silent for the steady drone of his voice.

Suddenly the enemy swept down on the left, Bungles' favourite side, and the delight began. Following the cunning Wyndham Plan, von Whitham's crew started to the attack in a desperate effort to split the coalition.

TO BE CONTINUED





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to APRIL 6 ROLLING HOME  
by Dorothy Hewitt

APRIL 9 THE FIRE ON THE SNOW  
to APRIL 27 by Douglas Stewart

APRIL 30 AT LEAST YOU GET  
to MAY 15 SOMETHING OUT OF  
THAT by Rodney Mäpke

CHILDERMAS by Thomas Kesteven was commissioned by the Australian Committee of Responsibility for Children of Vietnam.

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